

VCE on a time, in England, there were two brothers named Nickleby who had grown up to be very different men. Ralph was a very rien and miserly monoglender who gained his wealth by persecuting the poor of Londom-a thin cold-heárted, crafty man with a cruel smile. The other, who lived in the country, was generous, but poor, so that when he died he left his wife and two children, Nicholas and Kate, with hardly a penny to keep them from starving. In their trouble the mother decided to go to Londom and try to obtain help from her husband's brother. Ralph Nickloby.

Ralph was angry when he learned they had come to London, for he loved his gold better than anything else in the world, hell lived in Golden Square, a very rich part of the city, in a great fine house, all alone save for one servant, and he Rept only one clerk. This clerk, who was named Noggs, had one glass eye and long, bony fingers which he had an uncomfortable habit of cracking together when he spoke to any one. He had one been rich, but he had given his money to Raiph Nickloby to invest for him, and the money-londer had ended by getting tall, so that the floor man at last had to hecome the other's clerk. When he first saw Nicholas and Kate, Noggs was sorry enough for them, because he knew it would be little help they would get from the collar since the money-lender. When he money-lender had ended by getting to see a figure sitting by him. It was saw Nicholas and Kate, Noggs was sorry enough for them, because he knew it would be little help they would get from the collar sit of the collar sit o

locas was proud-mettled, and his bearing angered the money-lender, alled him a young puppy, and a r besides, to which Nicholas repiled heat and spirit. His mother sucli in smoothing things over, and h Ralph Nickleby from that molinated the boy, yet he grudging-mised her to get him a situation as other.

The school the miser selected was one called "Dotheboys Hall," a long, cold-looking, tumble-down building, one story high, in a dreary part of the country. It belonged to a man named Squeers, a burly, ruffiantly hypocrite, who pretended to the world to be a kind, fatherly master, but in fact treated his pupils with such crueity that the only ones ever sent there were poor little orphans, whose guardians were glad to get rid of them. Squeers had an oily, wrinkled face, and flat shiny half, brushed straight up from his foreheal. His sleeves were too long and his trousers too short, and he carried a leather whip in his pocket to punish the boys with.

Mrs. Squeers was a fat wowns and

daughter and a son named Wack queers. The latter they kept as as could be, so he would serve advertisement of the school; the

thin.

No wonder, for they got almost nothing to eat. For dinner all they had was a bowl of thin porridge with a wedge of bread for a spoon. When they had eaten the porridge they ate the spoon. Once a week they had to swallow a dreadful nixture of brimstone and sulphur, because ose took away their appetites and ate less for several days after-They were made to sleep five in I, and were poorly clothed, for

and forn and the classes were scarecrows.
All the boys were made to work hard at
chores about the place, and were flogged
almost every day, so that their lives were
miscrable. What Squeers wanted was
the money their guardians paid him for
becomes their

keeping them.
This was the kind of school for which This was the kind of school for which Nicholas found himself hired at very low wages as teacher. He knew nothing about it yet, however, and thought limself lucky and liss uncle kind as he bade his mother and Kate good-bye and took the coach for Dotheboys Hall. Noggs, Ralph Nickelby's one-cyed clerk, was there to see him off, and put a letter into his hand as he started. Nicholas was so sad at leaving the two he loved best in the world, that he thrust it into his pocket and for the time forgot all about it.

and for the time forgot all about it.

On his arrival next day Nicholas's heart sank into his boots. When he saw the boys gathered in the barn, which served boys gathered in the barn, which served for a school-room, he was ready to die with shame and disgust to think he was to be a teacher in such a place. But he had no money to take him back to London, and because he did not want to make his mother and Kate unhappy, he wrote them as cheerfully as he could. The letter Noggs had given him he remembered at last to read. It told him the writer feared his uncle hand deceived him ir regard to the school, and said if Nicholas needed a friend at any time, he would find one in him, Noggs. These kind words from the old cierk brought tears to Nicholas's eyes.

And because they preferred to be walted for a symbol way the pretty, rosy-chocked girl, the ugly forewoman hated the child, and did all she could to make her unhappy.

Kate's mother used to wait on the street corner outside each evening, and they would walk home together. They would not include a winter them such cheery letters, and written them such cheery letters, and whenever they felt sadder than usual they would confort themselves by think-olas needed a friend at any time, he would to make her unhappy.

It they could have seen him the new the preferred to be walted for a such as the could. The last out to have a street corner outside each evening, and they would walk thome together. They would make the culd to make her unhappy.

Kate's mother used to wait on the street corner outside each evening, and they would walk thome together. They would walk home together. They would not intended to make her unhappy.

Kate's mother used to wait on the surfer outside each evening, and they would walk home together. They would walk thome together. They would walk them to use treet corner outside each evening, and they would walk home together. They would each to make her unhappy.

Kate's mother used to wait on the street corner outside each evening, and they would walk home together. They would each could be all she could to make her unhappy.

Kate's mother used to wait on the street corner outside each evening, and all the w

cears to Nicholas's eyes.

Of all the wretched boys there Nicholas pitted most a poor fellow named Smike, whom Squeers had made a drudge. He was tall and lanky and wore a little boy's suit, too short in the arms and legs. He had been placed there when a child, and wheever had brought him had disappeared, and left ho money to bay for his keep. Squeer's cruelties had made the unfortunate lad simple-minded, Besides this he was fame. Nicholas helped was so grateful the: sides this he was lame. Nicholas helped Smike all he could, and the poor fellow was so grateful that he followed the other about like a slave.
Squeers's daughter was named Fannie.

Squeers's daughter was named Fannie. She had red hair, which she wore in five exact rows on the top of her head. She thought herself very beautiful and at tonce fell in love with Nicholas. As he could not help showing that he did not like her. Miss Fanny grew spiteful and in revenge began to peraccute Smike, knowing Nicholas liked him.

Smike stood this as long as he could, but at last one day he ran away Squeers was furlous. He took one chase and Mrs. Squeers another, and away they went in

me go with you."
"And so you shall!" said Nicholas.

HOW NICHOLAS BECAME AN ACTOR. Meanwhile Ralph Nickelby, the money-lender, had given Kate and her mother leave to live in a rickety, unoccupied

got her a situation, hoping thus they would not call on him for any money. The dressmaker was Madame Manta-

lini. Her real name was Muntle, but she

lini. Her real name was Muntie, but sne thought the other sounded better. Her husband was a plump, lazy man with huge side whiskers, who spent most of his time curling them and betting on horse races. He gambled awy all the money Madame Mantalini made, but he

was always calling her his "little fairy" and his "heart's delight," so that the silly woman always forgave him. He tried to kiss Kate the first day, which made her detest him.

At Midame Mantalini's Kate had to stand up all day trying on dresses for rich ladies, who were often rude to her. And because they preferred to be waited

and Kate.

He would have gone very fast if he had guessed what was happening or how badly Kate had been treated by Rulph.

The evening before, as it happened, Kate had been invited to dinner at her

III---NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

olas was a thief and a scoundrel; that he had tried to murder her father and all his familty, and had run off with one of the pupils of Dotheboys Hall.

To be sure, they neither of them believed it, but it made them very unhappy, just the same. And then, just as Ralph was reading them the last line of the letter in came Nicholas! You may be sure he comforted them and told them it was a lie. He told Ralph what he thought of him also in stern language, which made his uncle angrier than ever. Then, seeing that his presence was making things worse, and realizing in what poverty his dear ones were, and that they were so wholly dependent on Ralph for help. Nicholas came to a very brave determination. He told them that,

went sadly back to his gerret room and .o Smike.

There seemed nothing else to do,

to the Portsmouth Theatre, where he

was introduced to all the company. It was a very curious mixture. There was Mrs. Crumples, who took the tickets, and little Miss Crumples, whom the bills called "the Infant Phenomenon," and who was always said to be only ten years old. There was a all young man with

the downs always said to be only ten years old. There was a slim young man with the weak eyes, who played the lover, and a fat man with a turned-up nose, who played the funny countryman, and a shabby old man whose breath smelled of gin, who always acted the good old banker with gray side whiskers. Then alted the wicked adventuress, and all the others.

Nicholas had to begin by writing a play which had parts for all of them, and it proved a great success. Smike, whom he drilled himself, took the part of a hungry boy, and he looked so starved,

anyway, from his life with Squeers that he was tremendously applauded. One of

the other actors was so jealous at the

play's success that he sent Nicholas i challenge to a duel, but Nicholas walked on to the staze before the whole company and knocked the actor gown, and after that he had no trouble and was a great

He might have stayed a long time

with Mr. Crumples's theatre, for he had carned quite a little money, but one day he got a letter from Noggs, the clerk, telling him that all was not well with his mother and Kate, and without waiting an hour he resigned from the company and with Snike set out again for London.

others.

"WHITE WITH ANGER, NICHOLAS CONFRONTED THE PARTY."

dictsamaker's (for Mr. Mantalini had thrown away his wire's money on race houses till the sheriff had selzed the sitre), and she was acting now as companion to a Mrs. Wilitterly, a pale, languid lady who quasidored horself a very fashlonable lady indeed, and was always suffering from imaginary aliments. Lord Frederick and Sir hiulberry Hawk came often to the house, pretending to flatter Mrs. Wilitterly, but really to see Kntc, who heartlly disliked them both. Mrs. Wilitterly, at last came to realize that the two men at whose attentions she had felt so flattered really cared only for her young "companion," and, being vain and jealous, she tormented and scolded the poor girl till her life was a burden.

At length, feeling that she could bear it no longer, Knite went to Ralph and bigged him with toars to help her find another situation, but the money-lender roused to ald her. Nogs, the elerk, was sorry for her, but could do nothing exect to write to Nicholas, and this was the reason for the letter that brought Nicholas post haste back to London.

Just what kind of persecution Kate had been subjected to he learned by accident always as soon as he got there.

As he sat in a coffee house he suddenly heard the words, "Little Kate Nickleby."

was Sir Mulberry Hawk.

White with anger, Nicholas confronted the party and throwins down his card on the table, declared that the lady in question was his sister, and demanded of Hawk his haund. Hawk refused to answer. Nicholas denounced him as a liar and a coward, and seating himself, swore the other should not leave his sight before he knew who he was.

When Hawk attemned to enter his

When Hawk attempted to carrioge, Nicholas sprang on to the step. The other, in a fury struck him with the while, and Nicholas, wrenching it from him, with one blow laid open Hawks check. The horse, frightened at the struggle, started off at a terrific speed, and Nicholas felt himself hurled to the ground. As he rose, he saw the runaway horse whirling across the pavement, upadventure in the coffne room, he had se Smike to announce his coming.

His first step now was to write a letter to Ralph, telling him that he at last knew what a villain he was, and that he and his cast him off forever, with shame that they had ever asked his ald. Next day Nicholas took Kate from the Wilti-"Come!" He rose, took up his bundle, gave his hand to Smike and so they sot down toward London together.

HOW NICHOLAS BECAME AN ACTOR. locking old gentleman, with whom he fell into conversation, and before long, with-out knowing it, he had told him all his manager of a theatre in Portsmouth, and he proposed that Nicholas join the com-pany and become an actor. troubles.

troubles.

This old gentleman was named Cheeryble, and the firm to which he belonged was Cheeryble Brothers. He and his twin brother had come to London, bareout when they were boys, and though they had grown very rich, they had never forge tien what it was to be poor and wretched. The old gentleman asked Nicholas to come with him to his office, and there they met the other Mr. Cheeryble.

Nicholas could scarcely tell them apart, for they were alike as two peas. They were precisely the same size, were clother just alike, and laughed in the same stey. just alke, and laughed in the same stay. They each had even lost exactly the same number of teeth. They were loved by everyoody, for they went through life doing good wherever they could. They both like Nicholas at once, and the upsafet was that they gave him a position in their counting room and rented a pleasant cottage near by for his mother and Make. and Kate.

So there Nicholas took up work and they were all happy and comfortable-very different from Ralph Nickleby, the money-lender, in his fine house, with only the memory of his own wickedness for

I. WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYBODY 4. WHAT HAPPENED TO INVERTBODY
Ralph Nickleby's hatred had been
growing day by day. As he could not
harm Nicholas now, he tried to hurt
him, through Smike, He sent for Squeers,
and the latter, finding Smike alone one
cay on the street, selzed him, put him
in a couch and started to take him back
to Dotheboys Hall. But luckly his victime escuped and got back to London.

Then Rulph forward a wiked into to

time escaped and got back to London. Then Raiph formed a wicked plot to get Smike surely in their hands. He hired a man to claim that he was the boy's fat , who had first taken him to Squeers's ,chool. Squeers too, swore a this lying tale. But the Cheeryble brothers suspected the story, and when halp near the saw they were determined to help Nicholas protect Smike, he was afraid to go any further with the plan. So he smothered his rage for the time being, and meanwhile a most important thing happened to Nicholas—he fell in love.

The way it came about was this: There

London.

3. NICHOLAS COMES TO KATE'S RESCUE.

Noggs was right, Ralph Nickelby had never censed to persecute Kate and her mother. In fact, when he had invited Kat to the dinner at which she had been insulted it was for his own evil purpose. He had done so hoping she might impress the foolish young Lord Verisopht, whose money he was hoping to got, and whom he wished to attract to his house.

The young notherns as Ralph had in-The young nobleman, as Raiph had intended, fell in love with Kate's sweet face at once, and found out from her circle where she lived.

She had lost her first position at the

ret some of the money the old man Gride money he old man Gride money he had thoped to gain, and vainly did Ralph Nickleby, with curses, try to

Ill as he was, was utterly solfish) that it would be a fine thing for Madeline to marry the hideous old Gride and so free her father. At length, in despair, because she thought it her duty to her heartless father. Madeline consented to do so. Nicholas might never have known of this till after the wedding, but luckly Noggs, the clock, indo overheard the old skindint make the bargain with Ralph, and when one day Nicholas confessed that he was in love with Madeline, the goodhe was in love with Madeline, the good-hearted clerk told him all he had found out. Nicholas was in great trouble, for he loved Madeline very dearly. He went to her and begged her not to do it, but she thought it her duty. He went to Gride, too, but the hideous old miser only sneered at him.

Was soon to overtake Ralph Mckeley was soon to overtake Ralph Mckeley and soon to overtake Ralph Mckeley.

At last, in desperation, he told Kate, ind the brother and sister went together of Bray's house. They reached it just at the wedding was about to begin,

as the wedding was about to begin.

Raiph Nickleby, who was there, foamed with fury to find the nephew he so hated again stepping between him and his evil designs. He tried to bar them out, but Nicholas forced him back. They would doubtless have come to blows, but at that moment there came from another room the sound of a fall, and a scream from Madeline. The excitement had proved too much for her father. His heart had falled and he had fallen dead on the floor. Thus Providence interfered to bring the wicked scheme of the marriage to naught.

Value all Grids bemoon the loss of the

hade him drive away. He took her to his ewn home, where his mother and Kate covered from the shock and was her own

The most terrible blow car man whom Ralph had long ugo ruined and had caused to be transported for a crime, confessed that he had been the one who many years before



"NICHOLAS PITIED MOST A POOR FELLOW NAMED SMIKE."

Raiph, for he cared little what lives he ruined so long as he got money by it. So he agreed, and soon convinced Bray (who, as if she had been a baby, placed her with

CLEVER STORIES BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BEGGAR BOY.

And in my dreams I feel again, Inside my coat so warm and re Where ites a little velvet purse All saug and warmly pooketed

The money was for other things
I thought, and turned away my head;
My hoarded pennies should not buy
A little ragamufin's bread!

They bought some chocolates and sweet And ten things for my doll instead. "Why should a little beggar think That I would give to him." I said.

But somehow, when the nights are cold, And over all the snow is spread, I say, "Why should not he have thought That I would like him to be fed?"

Perhaps he wanders hungry still, Without a crust or home or bed, And everybody that he asks Says no, and turns away the head,

I wish that I had given him
I those pennies for a loaf of bread,
He looks so hungry in my dreams,
That little boy I might have fed.
Selected by VIOLET PERKINS.

To-day.

Old yesterday is with the dead, To-morrow with the yet unborn; To-day is all that lives and breathes Ofigiamour and of promise shorn.

"I was" is but a dotard's sigh;
"I will be" is a dream, at best;
"I am" alone is plain to view—
"I am" is manhood's vital test.

The sun of yesterday is set,
To-morrow's sun may never rise;
The sun to-day, alone, is yours—
But every moment westward files.

The day that was is now no more, The day to be has never been; To-day's the crisis of your life, And on it shall you lose or win, Valentine.

Though Winter rules the year,
Dear heart, have vernal cheer;
For Spring, with all its golden promise,
waits
The unbarring of the gates!
Then after weary days of doubts and
wees.

perchance Love's perfect joy-who knows!

-Clinton Scollard. A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WOODS IN OCTOBER

One beautiful entumnal afternoon in Onlober I was one among a party of ave girls and boys to take a ramble through the words. We had many difficulties in ready for spring. First she sends the

of cossing the wet places and getting through the many briars, which, of course, came in our pathway in going through the woods. We started somewhere about 40 clock in the atternoon, and after two flowers of rambling with our hands full of beautiful iall flowers, which we had guttle ered in our stroll, decided we had better start for home; end what was the exclamation of the merry group, but "We are lost." The sun was setting and there we were, surrounded by large woods, not knowing in what direction our home was at last, after wandering around awhile, we game out luckily the right way and reaghed home about dark, tired and

knowing in what direction our home was at last, after wandering around awhile we came out inctilly the right way and reached home about dark, tired and fatigued.

In spite of the many difficulties we had experienced in our ramble we all were very anxious to take another walk very soon.

EDUAR MOSS WRENN.

BOOKER, Va.

GOOD THINGS COMING.

Good things with the New Year are com Though shadowed the dawning and sad; Yet time in his ultimate aunming Loaves good, the remainder of bad. All evil is only the blunder Of souls that are seeking the way, And over their efforts and under God's purposes stay.

Afar there is fighting and always slaying Men marshal great armies and ships. And kill one another while praying To Buddha and Christ with their lips. Amil yet those great spirits who hearker Cive pity and love to each soul; They know the battle clouds darken, While peace is man's goal.

Anear there is noise and confusion,
Anear there is din and dispute:
Our world has sone mad with deliasion,
And reason and justice stand mute.
But over the clamor and riot
A sweet voice of prophecy rings;
It heraids the dawn of a quiet,
New order of things.

The hordes that have fattened on plunder
Are turning and failing asunder!
Their temples are rending their own.
King greed holds a tottering throne;
His sceptre and crown shall be shaken.
And the ends of the earth shall
shaken.
And justice shall meterout the law
With wonder and awe.

Old year, going over the border.
Take with you the debris of wrong.
Which litered our land with disorder
And blocked up our highways so long.
New year, ringing loud from the steeple,
Ring in the low era of power:
Ring in the just roign of the people,
For this is the hour.
Selected by MINNIE TRENLER.
200 South Reservoir Street.
Richmond, Va.

MOTHER NATURE.

WHAT I HAVE.

I have a little parrot;
His name is Jack.
I have a little engine,
I have a little track.

I have a little horse So grand and gay, He cats some corn, But he cats some hay.

I have a little dog, I have a little cat; He wears black pants, But he doesn't wear a hat. I have a little doll,
Very pretty to me;
Her eyes fell out,
So she cannot see,

I have a little scrap book, All torn to pieces; Guess who gave it me; My nunt's great nieces.

Don't you think so?
But an old man said:
You ought to have some "mo."
EVELYN GARRETT PURCELL,
Greenwood Depot, Albemaria county, Va.

LITTLE TIM'S POEMS.

Little Tim tried to write poetry one day; his Mamma told him if he could write a piece she would make him a present; and now I am going to tell you what he wrote, for I'm sure you all want to know, and you wonder if he earned A present and what he carned.

carried a present and what he carried.

Come here to me, hen, hen, hen,
And jump right into the big pig-pen.

The pig has got some good, sweet corn;
I gave him some this very morn.

The hen flew in and picked about,
And laid an egg before she got out;

'The pig fookpul at the egg and said,
with a sight'

'There are no more; I wonder why.''

So walking up sly when the hen wasn't
looking.

He ate the poor thing without even
cooking
A few speckled feathers lay there ou

A few speckled feathers lay there on the ground; When I looked in the pen, that was all I found.

Mamma called it first-class in every respect, and gave little Tom the pig for a present. Do you think he samed it? NISTRIF GASH. Midway Mills, Va.